





# HOPKINS' NEW-ORLEANS 5 CENT SONG-BOOK.

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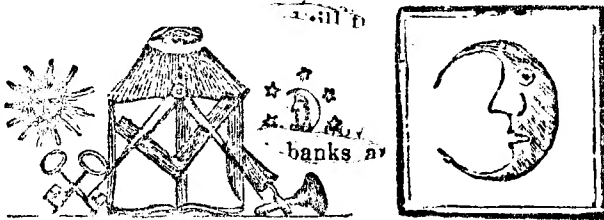
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## THE MASON'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu,  
 Ye brothers of our mystic tie ;  
 Ye favored and enlightened few,  
 Companions of my social joy ;  
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing fortune's slippery bar ;  
 With a melting heart and a brimful eye,  
 I'll mind you still when far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,  
 To spend a cheerful festive night,  
 Oft honored with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the sons of light ;  
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,  
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw,  
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write,  
 Those happy scenes, when far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,  
 Unite you in the grand design,  
 Beneath the Omniscient eye above ;  
 Tha Glorious Architect Divine ;  
 That you may keep the unerring rule,  
 Still guided by the plummet's law,  
 Till order bright completely shine  
 Shall be my prayer when far awa.

# God Save the South.

(Air—God save the Queen.)

God save the noble South,  
 God aid our native South :  
     God save the South !  
 Make her victorious,  
 Mighty and glorious,  
 Thy shield be over us,  
     God save the South !

Thy choicest blessings pour  
 On her forevermore,  
     God save the South !  
 Crush down each traitor knave,  
 Prosper our leaders brave,  
 Or give them a freeman's grave ;  
     God save the South !

Our cause we leave to thee,  
 God of the brave and free ;  
     God save the South !  
 Foes may invade our soil,  
 Our homes, bought with blood and toil,  
 Ne'er let a tryant spoil.  
     God save the South !

Trust in thee, O, Lord,  
 Fearless we draw the sword ;  
     God save the South !  
 Raise, then, our flag on high,  
 This be our battle cry,  
 "Freedom we win or die ;"  
     God save the South !

# *Southern Warcry*

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Air—"Scots Wha' hae,"

---

Countrymen of Washington!  
 Countrymen of Jefferson!  
 By Old Hick'ry oft' led on  
     To death or victory!

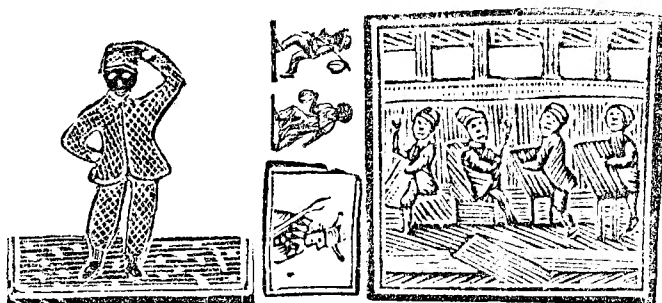
Sons of men who fought and bled,  
 Whose blood for you was freely shed,  
 Where Marion charged and Sumpter led,  
     For freemen's rights!

From the Cowpens glorious way  
 Southern valor led the fray,  
 To Yorktown's eventful day,  
     First we were free!

At New Orleans, we met the foe,  
 Oppressors fell at every blow;  
 There we laid the usurper low,  
     For maids and wives!

Who on Palo Alto's day,  
 'Mid fire and hail at Monterey,  
 At Beuna Vista led the way?  
     Rough and Ready!

Southerns all, at freedom's call,  
 For our homes united all,  
 Freemen, live, or feemen fall!  
     Death or liberty!



### **LINCOLN GOING TO CANAAN:**

At Pensacola landing the south has made a standing,  
 To resist an invasion they're preparing—  
 Let Lincoln and his might come and give us a little  
 fight,  
 And we'll send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Oh! ha, ha, oh ha, ha, the Southern boys are a'-  
 coming;  
 They'll never mind the weather, but get overdou-  
 ble trouble, for they're not going to mind you  
 Massa Lincoln.

Old Lincoln is determined upon the revenue  
 collecting;

A nice time he'll have, we're athinking;  
 With all his ships of war let him try it if he 'dar,'  
 And we'll send him to the Happy Land of Canaan.  
 Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, &c.

Fort Sumpter it has fell, now Lincoln may go to h-  
 Seward and his race all according—  
 Carolina she is there, throwing bombs in the air,

To light 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, &c.

Old Jeff he's the man that's taken a noble stand,

To stand up to the South I'm a thinking;

He'll never give up the land ing, for the South is  
nobly planning,

To send them to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

Lincoln talked very loud, for he thought Sumpter

Hard to take,

By the rebels he was deceiving,

But the Southern Guard, led on by Gen. Beaureg'd,

Put him in a devil of a thinking.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, ha, etc.

Now, as the war's begun, let's have a little fun,

And we'll give them our ideas according,

For the boys are not afraid, uncle Jeff's taken the  
lead,

And he'll send them to the happy land of Canaan,

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

Onward is the march, through the border states  
we'll search,

To meet Cameron, Chase and Seward acoming,

Ben McCulloch will be there, and he'll make them  
look and stare,

For he'll send them to the happy land of Canaan.

Chorus—Oh, ha, ha, etc.

Old Virginia and brave Maryland are joining fast  
the Southern band,

To meet our foes they swiftly are preparing;

Old Gen. Bragg is steady and the boys they are all  
ready,

To land them in the happy land of Canaan.

Oh—ha, ha, etc.



**THE MERRY LITTLE SOLDIER.**

I'm a merry little Soldier,  
 Fearing neither wound nor scar,  
 When in battle, no one bolder  
 Valour is my leading star.  
 To arms, to arms we'll fly,  
 When honor calls, no foe appals,  
 We'll conquer or we'll nobly die.  
 Then march away, march away,  
 Trumpets sound and symbols play,  
 March away! march away!  
 To the merry fife and drum.

Hark! the martial trumpets sounding,  
 Notes that echo loud alarms;  
 To support our troops in Pensacola,  
 Sons of the South, to arms.

To arms, etc.

Sons of the South! Sons of Freedom!  
 Draw your swords; raise high your shield;  
 Haste, for Confederate future safety,  
 Make the Black Republicans yield.

To arms, etc.

Pretty maids with arms extended,  
 For protection loudly call;  
 We from harm will try to shield 'em,  
 Or for them in glory fall.

To arms, etc.

Lovely woman is a treasure;  
 What is man without their aid?  
 To protect them is a pleasure;  
 I've a heart that's not afraid.

To arms, etc.




---

NEW SONG REVISED BY DR. HOPKINS.

---

**WAIT FOR THE WAGON.**

South Carolina, a fiery little thing,  
 Said she wouldn't stay in a government where Cotton  
 wasn't King;  
 So she called her Southern sisters—they one and all  
 replied

Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!  
 Chorus—Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,  
 The Dissolution Wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

The wagon's very strong and wide,  
 The spokes and wheels are good;  
 'Tis stuffed with cotton round the sides,  
 And made of Southern wood,

Georgia is the driver,  
 Carolina by her side;  
 Brave Louisiana cracks the whip,  
 And they all take a ride.

Then spoke up little Florida, the smallest of the band,  
 And said if sister Georgia would but take her by the  
 hand,  
 She would ride in any wagon—over roads however  
 steep—  
 If it took her out of company she didn't wish to keep.

Then came Valiant Old Virginia ready for the ride.  
 And voted in a voice of thunder from the North for  
 ever to divide

The next passenger that came was Tennessee with a  
 Pillow on to rest,  
 Who is going to clean out Cairo of the abolition nest.  
 Next jumped up Arkansas and Texas with McCulloch  
 at their head,  
 Determined with rifles, revolvers and 8 lb. bowieknives  
 to take the lead,

Then hurry Old Kentucky, your'e getting mighty slow,  
 If you don't make haste we'll leave you, and then to  
 Pandimonium you'll surely go!

We hate to leave Missouri, brave Jackson has it in his  
 mind,  
 So I reckon after all we'll have to take her up behind.  
 Poor Old Kentucky—Poor Old Mary-land,  
 Poor Old Missouri—see 'em swinging on behind.  
 Room in the wagon for all who intend to slide.

---

## TO THE MEMORY OF JACKSON, of ALEXANDRIA, Va.

---

BY ANDREW DEVILBISS.

*"Tune—Scot's wha hae, wi? Wallace bled"*

---

Here's to Jackson brave and true,  
 Whom the base invaders slew,  
 When their Ellsworth he shot through,  
 On Old Virginia's soil.

How dare that base born rabble come?  
 To trample in a freeman's home;  
 Would all had met their leaders doom,  
 The minions low and vile.

Brave Jackson knew that shot his last,  
 A hundred foes around him pressed;  
 But still their fury he could breast,  
 His heart was free from guile.

He died to show us how to die,  
 And ne'er before the foe to fly,  
 They'll meet death with unflinching eye,  
 On Old Virginia's soil.

Then welcome on you Northern border,  
 Now Southern men have grasped the sword,  
 And I give you all my word,  
 They'll meet you all the while.

There's many a Jackson yet to slay,  
 Ere those vandals win the day;  
 They may destroy, but ne'er can sway,  
 The sons of Southern soil.

### MY LITTLE NED AND I.

My little playmate's dead and gone!

I gave him many a tear!

A merry little negro boy,

Just twelve years old this year,

Alas! that on my childhood heart

So great a grief should lie!

We'll no more play, by night or day,

My little ned and I.

He was my shadow where I went,

Subservient to my will,

But with enduring gentleness

He made me gentler still,

We climbed the trees, we bridged the brook,

We chased the butterfly;

We'll no more play by night or day,

My little Ned and I.



## SONG for the IRISH BRIGADE ,

---

Not now the songs of a nation's wrongs,  
 Nor the groans of a starving labor ;  
 Let the rifle ring, and the bullet sing  
 To the clash of the flashing sabre !  
 There are Irish ranks on the tented banks  
 Of Columbia's guarded ocean ;  
 And an iron clank, from flank to flank,  
 Tells of armed men in motion.

And the frank souls there, clear, true, and bare  
 To all, as the steel beside them,  
 Can love or hate, with the strength of Fate,  
 Till the grave of the valiant hide them,  
 Each seems to be a mailed *Arð Righ*,  
 Whose sword's avenging glory  
 Might light the fight and smight for Right,  
 Like Brien's in olden story !

With pale affright and panic flight  
 Shall dastard Yankees, base and hollow,  
 Hear a Celtic race, from their battle-place;  
 Charge to the shout of "Faugh a ballagh !"  
 By the souls above, by the land we love,  
 Her tears and bleeding patience,  
 The age is wrought that shall smash to naught  
 The brazen liar of nations.

Oh green shall again be seen

As our Irish fathers bore it,  
 A burning wind from the south behind,  
 And the Yankee rout before it!  
 O'Neil's red hand shall purge the land—  
 Rain fire on men and cattle,  
 Till the Lincoln snakes in their own cold lakes  
 Plunge from the blaze of battle!

The knaves that rest on Columbia's breast,  
 And the voice of true men stifle,  
 We'll exorcize from the rescued prize—  
 Our talisman the rifle,  
 For a tyrant's life a bowie-knife!—  
 Of Union knot dissolvers  
 The best we ken are stalwart men,  
 Columbiads and revolvers!

Whoe'er shall march by triumphal arch,  
 Whoe'er may swell the slaughter,  
 Our drums shall roll from the capitol,  
 O'er Potomac's fateful water!  
 Rise, bleeding ghosts, to the Lord of hosts,  
 For judgement final and solemn;  
 Your fanatic horde to the edge of the sword.  
 Is doomed, line, square and column.  
 John Hopkins, Printer, 823 New Levee-st.

---

## NEW ORLEANS

# *Song of the Times.*

I am a rambling rake of poverty,  
 From Gretna Town I came,  
 Old poverty compels me to turn out in the rain;  
 In all sorts of weather, let it be wet or dry,  
 I am compelled to seek my livelihood;  
 Or else return to die.

Chorus—Then come buy my humble ditty,  
 From town to town we steer,  
 Like every other good fellow  
 We likes our Lager Beer,  
 We likes our Lager Beer,  
 We're the rambling rakes of poverty,  
 The sons of Old Good Cheer.

My coat was in the fashion some 20 years ago  
 My shoes I found on Camp street,  
 My socks near Union Row ;  
 The next I got a handkerchief  
 To ornament my frame,  
 I got it from a Nigger winch  
 That lived on Notre Dame.

Chorus.

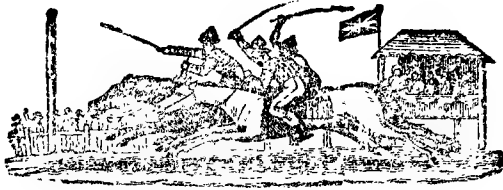
My hat I got it from a sailor  
 Some 7 long years at Sea,  
 My shirt I found on the Levee,  
 It was shuned by all but me,  
 Perhaps you don't believe it,  
 But I can prove it so,  
 For 100 passed that way, my boys,  
 That would not stoop so so low.

Chorus.

Once I was a Lady's man,  
 I dressed so spruce and neat,  
 They said I was too pretty to live,  
 And sweet enough to eat,  
 But now my clothes are seedy grown,  
 Old poverty has me fast,  
 The lads and lasses shun me now,  
 And give me room to pass.

Chorus.

Then buy my humble ditty, &c.



# LIMERICK RACES.

As sung by Barney Williams, in the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans,  
One of his Popular Songs.

I'm a simple Irish lad, I've resolved to see some fun, sirs,  
So, to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs,  
Oh, murther ! what a precious place, and what a charming city,  
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty !  
Musha ring a ding a da,  
Ri too ral laddy Oh !  
Musha ring a ding a da,  
Ri too ral laddy Oh.

It was on the first of May when I began my rambles,  
When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols ;  
I looked along the road, what was lined with smiling faces,  
All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.  
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,  
And on a coach and four I neatly took my place, sirs,  
When a chap bawls out, "behind !" and the coachman dealt a blow,  
Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs,  
Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

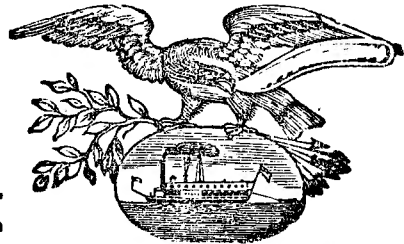
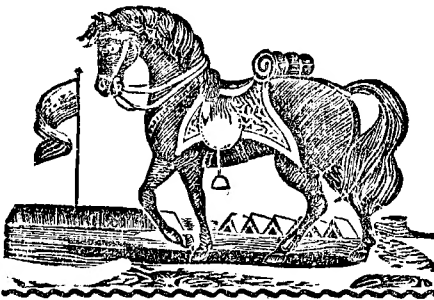


So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,  
 Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs;  
 It's then I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story,  
 The band struck up a tune, called Garry "Owen and glory"  
 Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

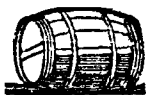
There was fiddlers playing jigs, there was lads and lasses dancing,  
 And chaps upon their nags, round the course sure they were prancing.  
 Some was drinking whiskey-punch, while others bawl'd out gaily,  
 Hurrah then for the shamrock green, and the splinter of Shillelagh.  
 Musha ring a ding a da,

There was betters to and fro, to see who would win the race sirs,  
 And one of the soprtng chaps of course came up to me, sirs,  
 Says he "I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down this minute.  
 Ah, then ten to one, says I, the foremost horse will win it.  
 Musha ring a ding a da, &c.

When the players came to town, and a funny set was they,  
 I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play,  
 They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and everything so gaily,  
 But I found myself at home when they struck up "Paddy Carey."  
 Musha ring a ding a da, &c.



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